NOW! MORE PAGES! MORE FEATURES!
A BETTER BUY THAN EVER!
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44 PAGES
ALL-NEW
NO. 9
OCT.
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MEN OF WAR
ALL NEW STORIES!
THE EARLY LIFE OF ENEMY ACE--REVEALED AT LAST!
DATELINE: FRONT-LINE IS BACK!
PRESS
JOE KUBERT
CODE NAME: GRAVEDIGGER--
THE ONE MAN WAR!
PLUS: A SURPRISE GUEST STAR!
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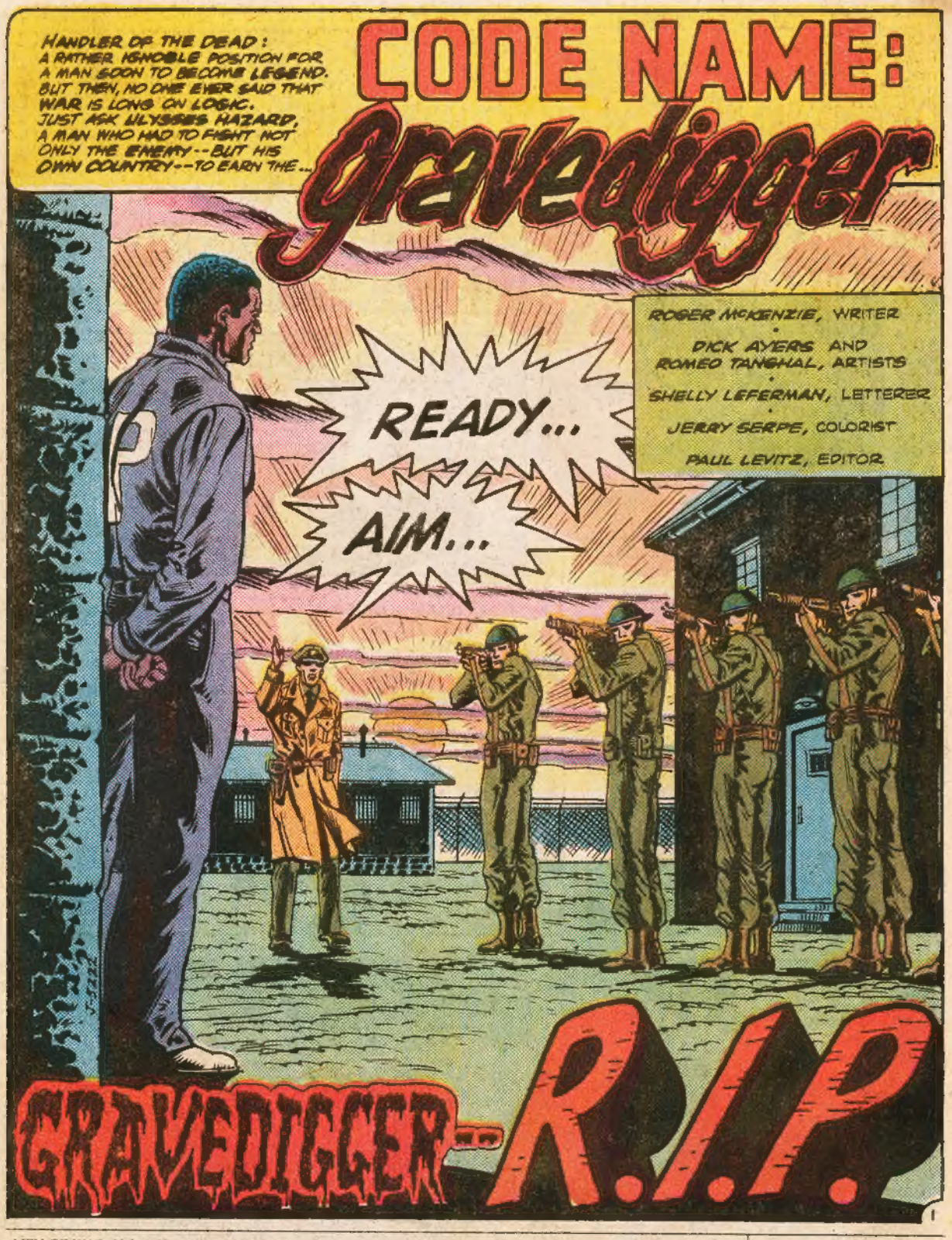
C-753


HANDLER OF THE DEAD: A RATHER IGNOBLE POSITION FOR A MAN SOON TO BECOME LEGEND. BUT THEN, NO ONE EVER SAID THAT WAR IS LONG ON LOGIC. JUST ASK ULYSSES HAZARD, A MAN WHO HAD TO FIGHT NOT ONLY THE ENEMY--BUT HIS OWN COUNTRY--TO EARN THE...
CODE NAME: Gravedigger
ROGER McKENZIE, WRITER
DICK AYERS AND ROMEO TANGHAL, ARTISTS
SHELLY LEFERMAN, LETTERER
JERRY SERPE, COLORIST
PAUL LEVITZ, EDITOR
READY...
AIM...
GRAVEDIGGER--R.I.P.

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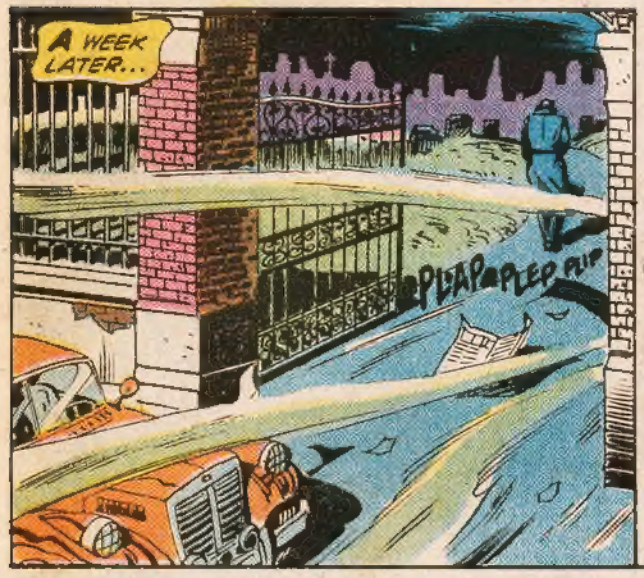
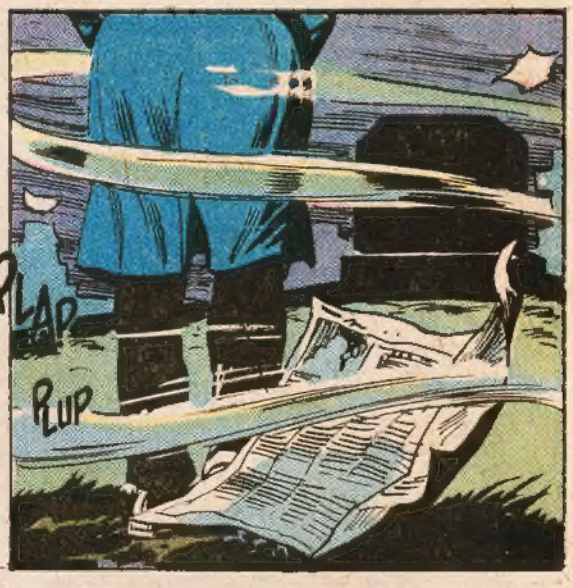
...FIRE!
BLAM BLAM BLAM
THAT'S IT, MEN--
--THE TRAITOR'S DEAD! GET 'IM OUT OF MY SIGHT!
"GRAVEDIGGER", EH? BY ALL THAT'S 'OLY, I BLOODY WELL PRAY THAT THE LAST GRAVE 'E FILLS...
...WILL BE 'IS OWN!


A WEEK LATER...
PLAP PLEP PIP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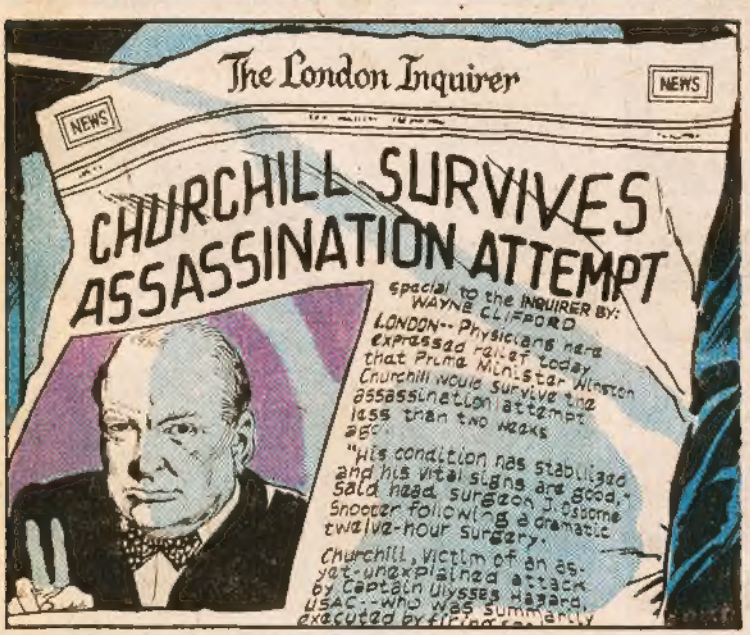

The London Inquirer
NEWS
NEWS
CHURCHILL SURVIVES ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT
special to the INQUIRER BY: WAYNE CLIFFORD
LONDON-- Physicians here expressed relief today that Prime Minister Winston Churchill would survive the assassination attempt less than two weeks ago.
"His condition has stabilized and his vital signs are good," said head surgeon J. Osborne Snooter following a dramatic twelve-hour surgery.
Churchill, victim of an as-yet-unexplained attack by Captain Ulysses Hazard, USAC--who was summarily executed by firing squad

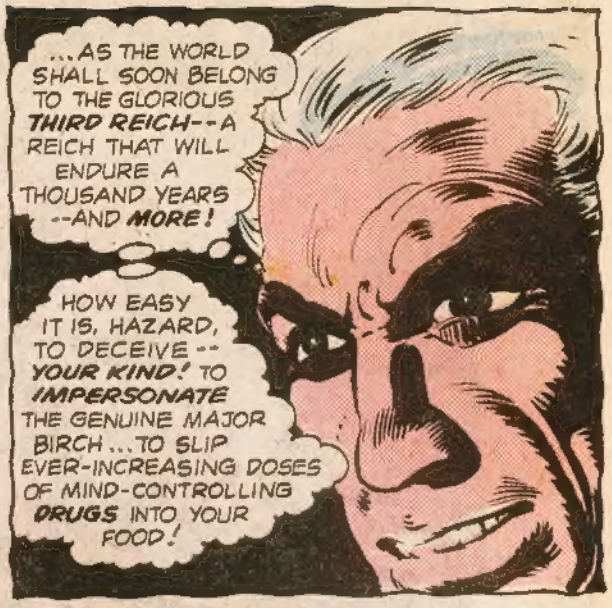
ULYSSES HAZARD

MAN-O-MAN! SURE HOPE THIS HARE-BRAINED SCHEME WORKS. I'D HATE TO THINK THAT--
ULYSSES HAZARD

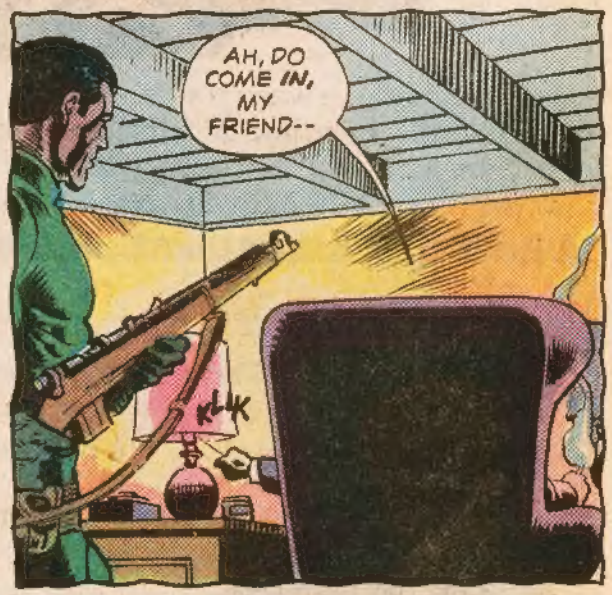
--I DIED IN VAIN!
3

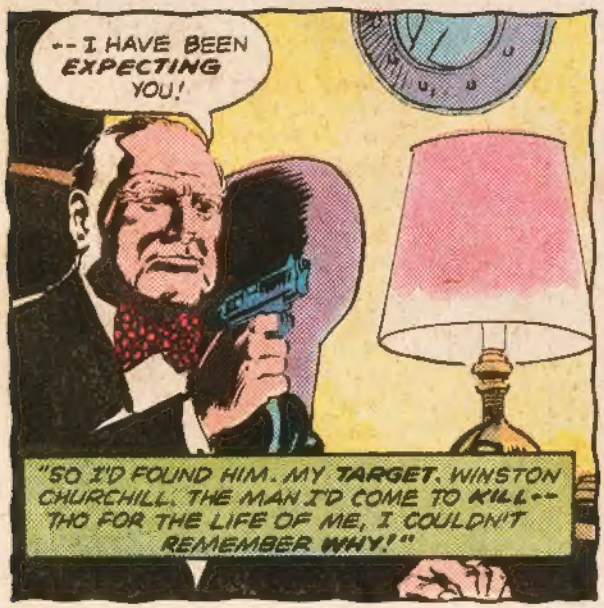
"IT'S STILL HARD, TO REMEMBER EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED*..."
OOOHWEEE OOOHHH
*LAST ISSUE--PAUL.
"...BUT I KNOW I'LL NEVER FORGET THE COLD..."
GOD, I'LL BE GLAD WHEN THIS MISSION'S OVER--MY NERVES'RE SHOT!
"...'CAUSE BY THE TIME I REACHED THE DISGUISED GARBAGE SCOW I WAS SHAKIN' LIKE A GREEN RECRUIT ENTERIN' HIS FIRST BATTLE..."
"...AND A SINGLE THOUGHT WAS FROZEN IN MY BRAIN."
GOT TO... GET HIM... KILL HIM...
...CAN'T LET ANYTHING... OR ANYONE... STOP ME!
KACHOKK
UNGH!
4
CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

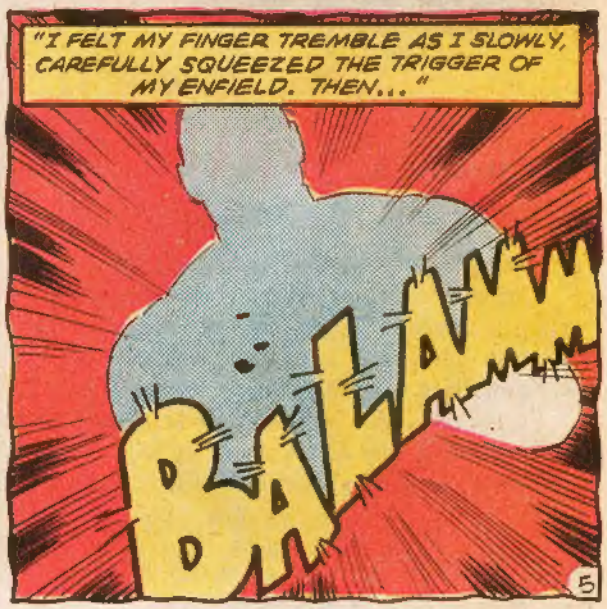
"BUT THEN THE NUMBNESS HAD BEEN SPREADIN' INSIDE ME FOR WEEKS--THE NUMBNESS--AND THE NIGHTMARES."
N-NO--NNOOOo!
OH, YES, SCHWARZ! YES! YOU ARE NEARLY MINE, NOW...


...AS THE WORLD SHALL SOON BELONG TO THE GLORIOUS THIRD REICH--A REICH THAT WILL ENDURE A THOUSAND YEARS --AND MORE!
HOW EASY IT IS, HAZARD, TO DECEIVE -- YOUR KIND! TO IMPERSONATE THE GENUINE MAJOR BIRCH ...TO SLIP EVER-INCREASING DOSES OF MIND-CONTROLLING DRUGS INTO YOUR FOOD!

"NIGHTMARES THAT GREW SLOWLY WORSE TILL MY INSIDES TWISTED LIKE COILED SNAKES! TILL I LOST ALL TRACK OF TIME...OF EVERYTHING..."
HE MUST BE...IN HERE ...HAVE TO... KILL HIM... KILL...
"...'CEPT MY MISSION!"
KARASSSSH


AH, DO COME IN, MY FRIEND--
KLIK


--I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!
"SO I'D FOUND HIM. MY TARGET. WINSTON CHURCHILL. THE MAN I'D COME TO KILL-- THO FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I COULDN'T REMEMBER WHY!"


"I FELT MY FINGER TREMBLE AS I SLOWLY, CAREFULLY SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER OF MY ENFIELD. THEN..."
BA DA WWM

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING.

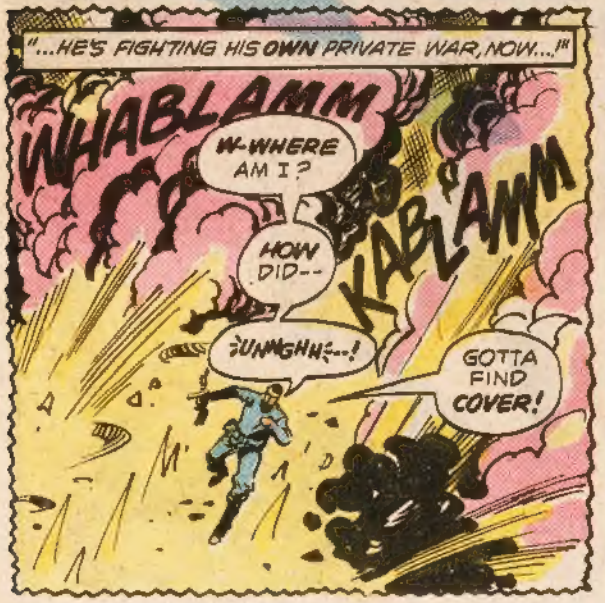
"THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER!"
"'COURSE I DIDN'T KNOW THAT, THEN. ALL I KNEW WAS PAIN...AND I WAS FALLIN'..."
"...FALLIN'..."
SHRIPP
"...AND I GUESS I FELL..."
"...PRACTICALLY FOREVER."
7

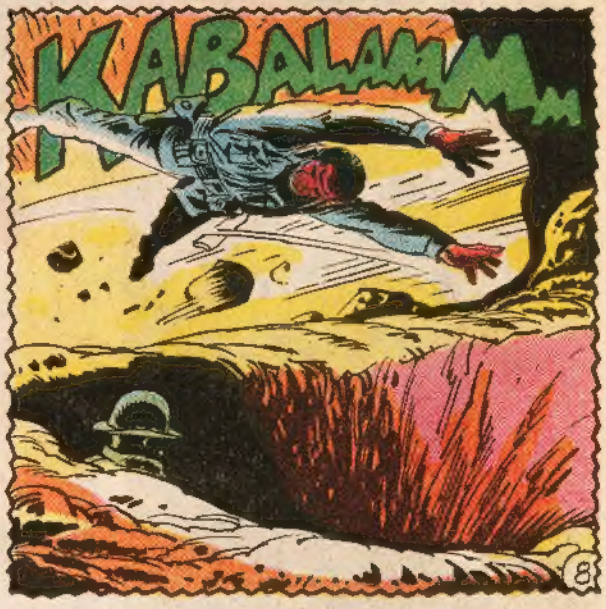
"I FELL TO HELL AND BACK..."
AARGHHHH

"...AT LEAST A DOZEN TIMES."
NO... NO... NO... NO...

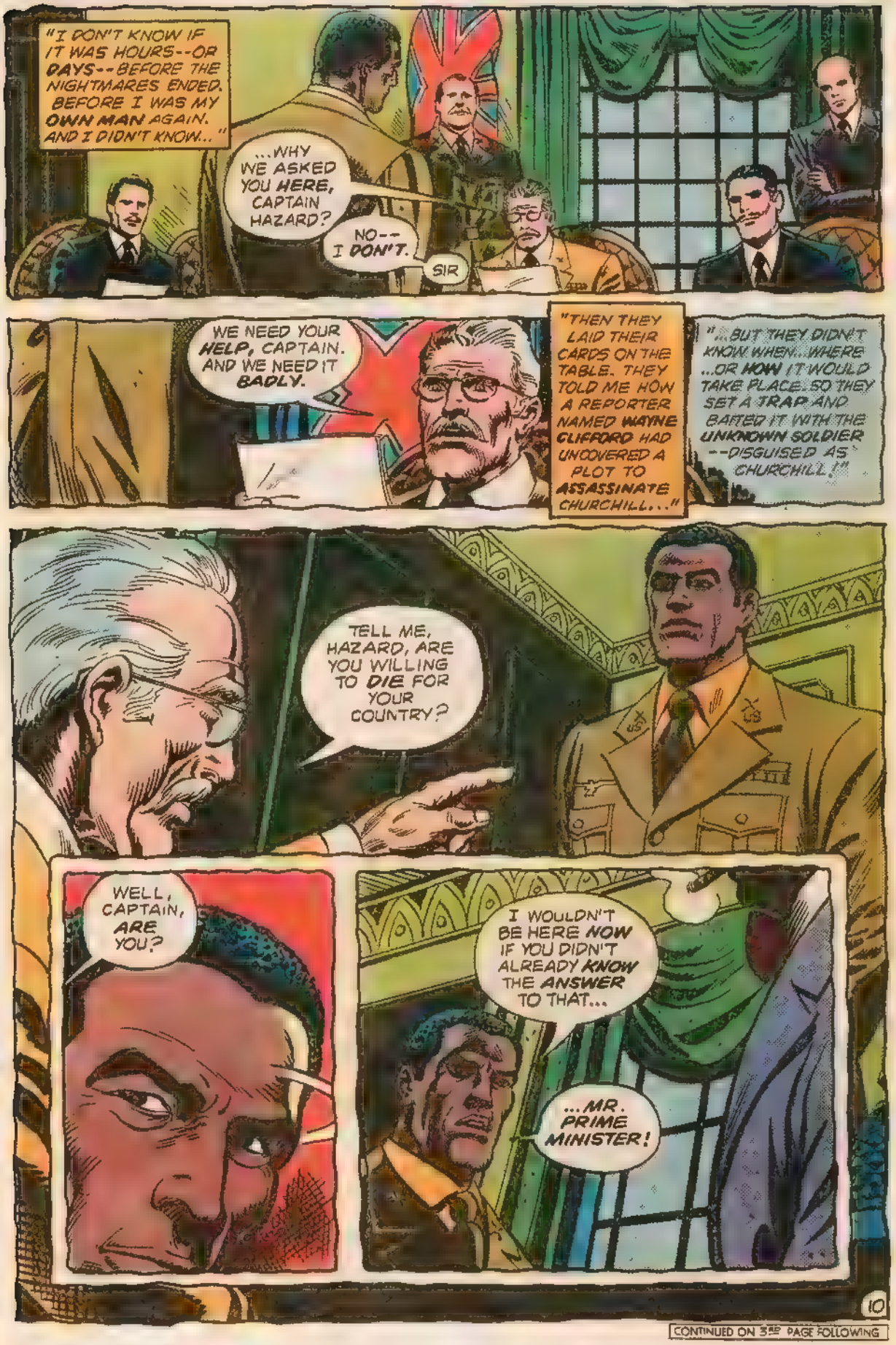
I THINK HE'S PAST THE WORST OF IT, GENTLEMEN. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME, NOW.
HOW MUCH TIME, DR. NEELEY?
I CAN'T BE CERTAIN, MR. CLIFFORD...

"...BY ALL RIGHTS--CONSIDERING THE AMOUNT OF DRUGS IN HIS SYSTEM--HE SHOULD HAVE DIED DAYS AGO!"
NNOOOOOO!
"OF COURSE WE'VE DONE ALL WE COULD FOR HIM, BUT WIN OR LOSE..."


"...HE'S FIGHTING HIS OWN PRIVATE WAR, NOW..."
WHABLAMM
W-WHERE AM I?
HOW DID--
KABLAMM
GUNNGHH--!
GOTTA FIND COVER!


KABALAMM

SHELLIN'S STOPPED. THIS DAMNED BATTLE-GROUND'S QUIET AS A...
SKUFF
...TOMB-- HUH?
HOLY--
HAHA HAHA
KOWDOWDOW
HAHAHA
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
HAHA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
FOOL! YOU CAN'T KILL--
--MEEEEE...
9


"I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS HOURS--OR DAYS--BEFORE THE NIGHTMARES ENDED. BEFORE I WAS MY OWN MAN AGAIN. AND I DIDN'T KNOW..."
...WHY WE ASKED YOU HERE, CAPTAIN HAZARD?
NO-- I DON'T.
SIR
WE NEED YOUR HELP, CAPTAIN. AND WE NEED IT BADLY.
"THEN THEY LAID THEIR CARDS ON THE TABLE. THEY TOLD ME HOW A REPORTER NAMED WAYNE CLIFFORD HAD UNCOVERED A PLOT TO ASSASSINATE CHURCHILL..."
"...BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW WHEN...WHERE ...OR HOW IT WOULD TAKE PLACE. SO THEY SET A TRAP AND BAITED IT WITH THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER --DISGUISED AS CHURCHILL!"
TELL ME, HAZARD, ARE YOU WILLING TO DIE FOR YOUR COUNTRY?
WELL, CAPTAIN, ARE YOU?
I WOULDN'T BE HERE NOW IF YOU DIDN'T ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT...
...MR. PRIME MINISTER!
10

CONTINUED ON 3RD PAGE FOLLOWING

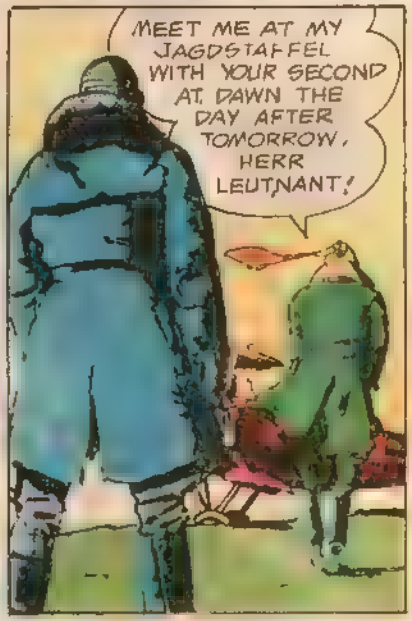
SO THEY FAKED MY EXECUTION...AND, WITH CLIFFORD'S HELP, CONVINCED THE WORLD THAT CHURCHILL WOULD RECOVER FROM MY "ASSASSINATION" ATTEMPT--
--HUH?
HAZARD!
TIME TO MOVE, WE'VE LOCATED BIRCH, THE REAL BIRCH!
THEN HE'S STILL ALIVE?
IF YOU WANT TO CALL IT THAT. GESTAPO'S GOT 'IM-- SOMEWHERE IN BERLIN.
I SUPPOSE YOU WANT ME TO GET HIM BACK.
MORE OR LESS, HAZARD. FREE 'IM, IF YOU CAN. IF YOU CAN'T--
--KILL 'IM! WE OWE 'IM THAT MUCH, AT LEAST. THERE'S NO TELLING 'OW MUCH 'ELL THOSE BLOODY NAZIS ARE PUTTING 'IM THROUGH.
"BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CRUD THAT IMPERSONATED BIRCH? HE--"
LONDON GENERAL HOSPITAL
"THAT'S BEING TAKEN CARE OF, CAPTAIN."
KLIK
KLEK
KLAK

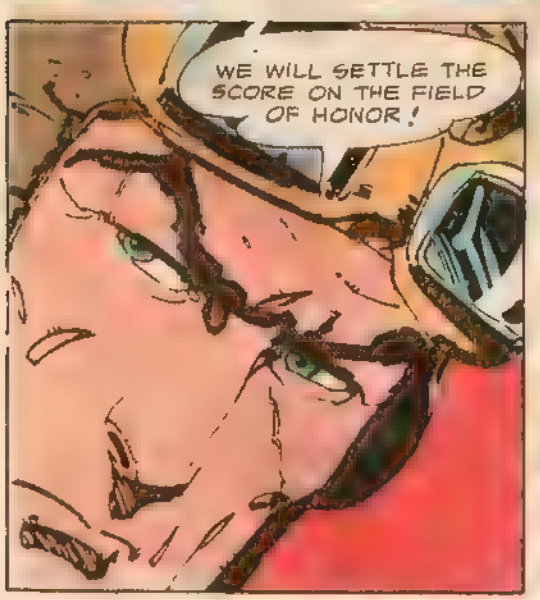
GO RIGHT IN, DR. BARNES
THANK YOU, SOLDIER
"DR. BARNES"-- HAH! HOW EASY IT IS TO FOOL THESE VERDAMMT BRITISHERS!
YOU WANTED PEACE, CHURCHILL, AND YOU'LL HAVE IT--
--FOREVER, MORE! HEIL HITLER!
VIP VIP VIP VIP VIP VIP
PRETTY GOOD SHOOTING-- FOR A KRAUT--
--TOO BAD YOU HAD TO WASTE ALL YOUR BULLETS ON A MANNEQUIN NOW WE'LL NEVER KNOW IF YOU COULD'VE HIT A MOVING TARGET, WILL WE?
KLIK KLIK
VAS--? YOU! NO! STAY BACK! STAY BACK!
EEEYAHHHHHH
STAY BACKHHH
AND OVERHEAD, A SINGLE BRITISH FIGHTER SLIPS UNNOTICED THROUGH THE BLACK, STORMY SKIES SURROUNDING LONDON... HEADING FOR THE CHANNEL... AND THE WAR-TORN CONTINENT BEYOND...
2

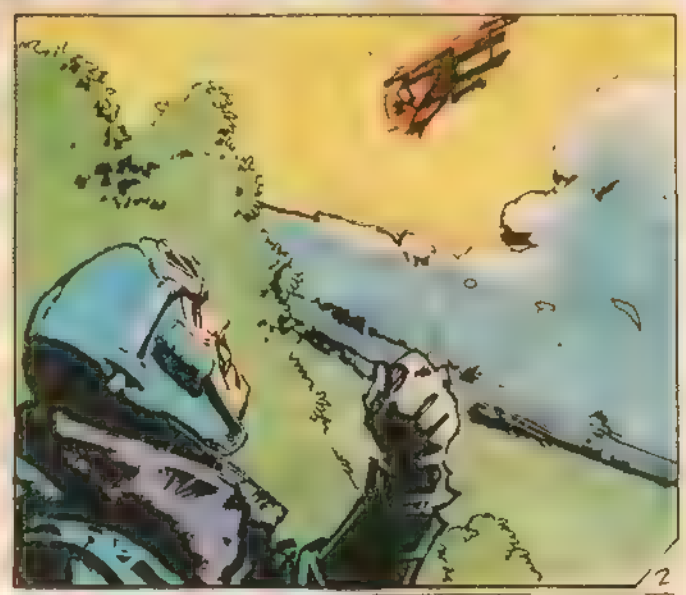
NEXT: a Death in Berlin

THE SKIES ARE SILENT WHEN I SOAR FROM JAGDSTAFFEL 17 TO THE CASTLE WHERE MY FATHER LIES DYING - BUT NOT FOR LONG! EN ROUTE I BREAK UP THE ATTACK OF THREE BRITISH SOPWITH CAMELS AGAINST ONE OF OUR ZEPPELINS! BUT THE LONE SURVIVOR IGNORES MY SPANDAUS TO SEND THE GREAT SHIP DOWN IN FLAMES! I TURN FROM THE GALLANT BRITISH PILOT WHEN HE SIGNALS THAT HE'S OUT OF AMMUNITION AND LET HIM GO--BUT AN ALBATROSS D 3 PILOT SETS HIM ABLAZE...I CANNOT FORGET THE ENGLANDER'S ACCUSING EYES AS HE HURLS HIMSELF FROM HIS FLAMING COFFIN LIKE A HUMAN TORCH...
ENEMY ACE in BROTHER KILLERS!
CREATED and WRITTEN BY ROBERT KANIGHER
ART BY HOWARD CHAYKIN
LETTERED BY MILT SNAPINN
COLORED BY JERRY SERPE
EDITED BY PAUL LEVITZ
MURDERER --!
THE SPINNING PROPELLER OF MY FOKKER DR-1 SLICES CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE TAIL OF THE ALBATROSS, UNTIL I FORCED HIM DOWN...

BUT THE ENRAGED ALBATROSS PILOT VAULTS FROM HIS SHIP TO FACE ME...
WHAT DOES IT MATTER? HE IS THE ENEMY!
YOU MURDERED THE ENGLANDER! HE WAS DEFENSELESS --OUT OF AMMUNITION!







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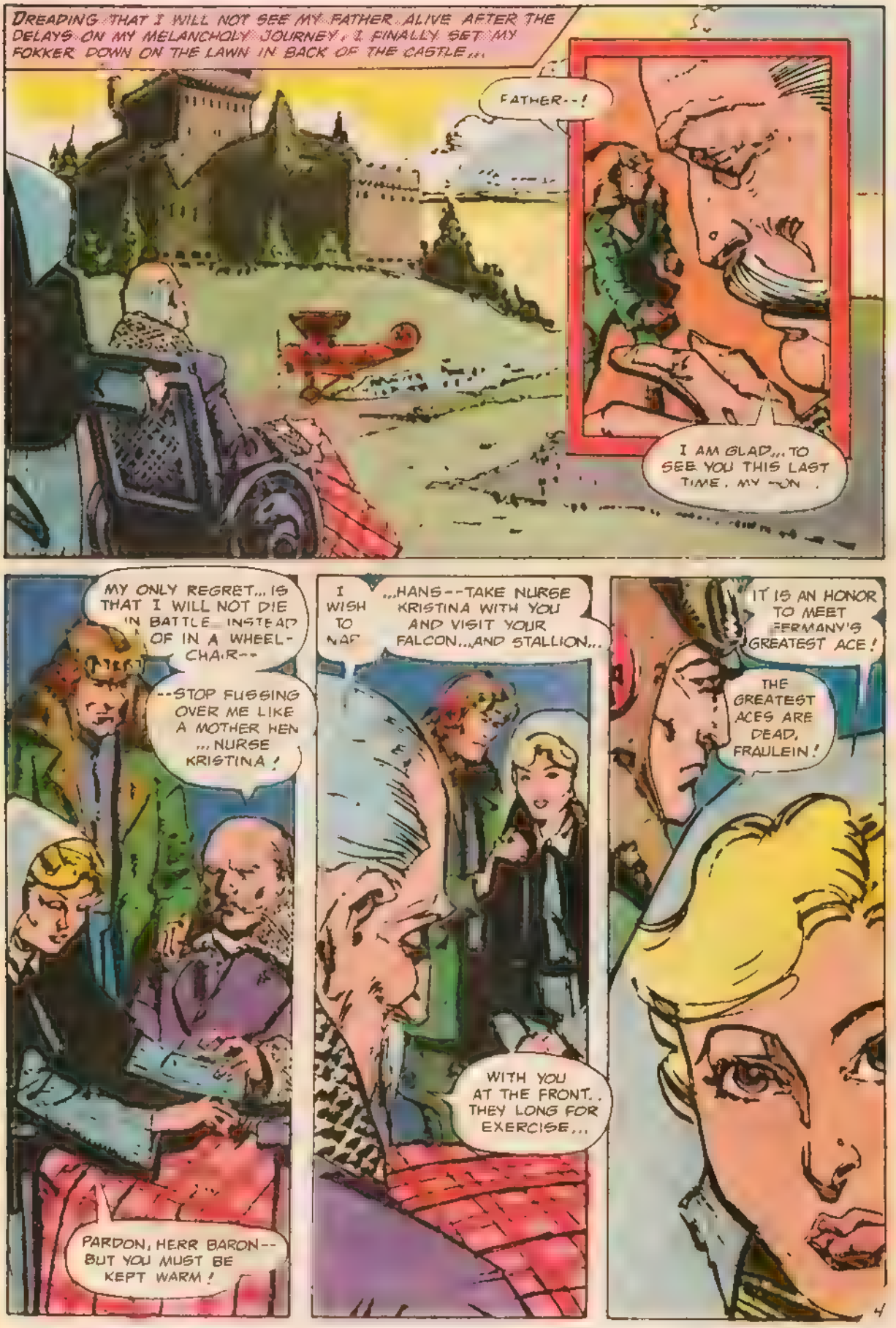
MY FOKKER TRIPLANE THUNDERED AWAY THROUGH THE KILLER SKIES, CONTINUING MY INTERRUPTED JOURNEY...
I THINK OF MY FATHER WAITING TO SEE ME BEFORE HE DIES...AND OF HIS WORDS...
DUTY BEFORE ONE'S SELF!
KRAAAA
M!
DeHAVILLAND DH-4 BOMBER RAINING BOMBS DOWN ON ONE OF OUR TROOP TRAINS!
DARING BRITISH--ATTACKING SO DEEP IN GERMANY!
I SHOVE THE STICK FORWARD AND HURTLE INTO THE FIRE OF THE BRITISH GUNS.
TOK TOK TOK
THIS IS THEIR CHANCE TO KILL ME!
MY CRIMSON FOKKER SHUDDERS UNDER THE LASH OF ACCURATE ENEMY FIRE--THEN I AM BENEATH THEM--AND REVERSING THE STICK...
NOW I AM IN THE KILL POSITION!
MY TWIN SPANDAUS CLAW AT THE BELLY OF THE ENEMY BOMBER LOOMING EVER CLOSER TO MY ZOOMING SHIP.
KWROOM!
IT IS FINISHED!
3


DREADING THAT I WILL NOT SEE MY FATHER ALIVE AFTER THE DELAYS ON MY MELANCHOLY JOURNEY, I FINALLY SET MY FOKKER DOWN ON THE LAWN IN BACK OF THE CASTLE...
FATHER--!
I AM GLAD... TO SEE YOU THIS LAST TIME, MY SON.
MY ONLY REGRET... IS THAT I WILL NOT DIE IN BATTLE INSTEAD OF IN A WHEEL-CHAIR--
--STOP FUSSING OVER ME LIKE A MOTHER HEN ... NURSE KRISTINA!
PARDON, HERR BARON-- BUT YOU MUST BE KEPT WARM!
I WISH TO NAP
...HANS--TAKE NURSE KRISTINA WITH YOU AND VISIT YOUR FALCON...AND STALLION...
WITH YOU AT THE FRONT.. THEY LONG FOR EXERCISE...
IT IS AN HONOR TO MEET FERMANY'S GREATEST ACE!
THE GREATEST ACES ARE DEAD, FRAULEIN!

I INVITE KRISTINA TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE BLACK FOREST SURROUNDING THE CASTLE... MY SISTER INGRID'S RIDING HABIT FITS HER WELL...
I KNOW YOU LONG FOR THE OPEN SKIES-- GO!
WAR MAKES KILLERS OF US ALL!
ARE YOU AFRAID OF ME?
NO... I NEVER DREAMED ... WE WOULD BE... THIS CLOSE...
SUDDENLY, THE HORSES REAR IN FRIGHT--
A-A BLACK WOLF--!
FEAR NOT! HE IS AN OLD FRIEND!
WE ARE BOTH KILLERS--ALONE!
HE ALWAYS SEEMS TO SCENT WHEN I AM HERE! PERHAPS IT IS THE SCENT OF DEATH ON ME LIKE A SECOND SKIN!
FAREWELL, FRIEND!

AS WE STABLE THE HORSES AND RETURN TO MY FATHER--THE RAVING OF MACHINE GUNS FILLS THE AIR...
STAY WHERE YOU ARE, KRISTINA!
A FRENCH NIEUPORT STRAFING THE CASTLE!
TOK TOK TOK TOK TOK
THE PILOT OF THE COAL-BLACK NIEUPORT HURTLES SO LOW I CAN SEE HIS FACE--AND HIS INSIGNIA OF A MASKED EXECUTIONER AT HIS GUILLOTINE!
FATHER--YOU'RE WOUNDED--!
I AM LUCKY... TO DIE QUICKLY... IN BATTLE... DO... NOT ...GRIEVE... FOR... ME... MY... SON...
THE FRENCHMAN MUST HAVE RECOGNIZED MY CRIMSON FOKKER! IT WAS ME HE WAS AFTER --BUT MY FATHER PAID FOR IT!
BUT THE FRENCHMAN WILL PAY FOR HIS ERROR-- WITH HIS OWN LIFE!
NEXT: DUEL AT DAWN!
6

NEWS

The London Inquirer

NEWS

SEPTEMBER 3, 1940

It was the fall of 1940. The war that was erupting in the great nations of the World had not yet embroiled my own AMERICA in its fires. I was on the scene only as a reporter for The New York Courier to file a..

DATELINE: FRONTLINE

I HAD ALREADY ATTACHED THE *WAYNE CLIFFORD* BYLINE TO SEVERAL REPORTS ON THE BOMBING BLITZ IN *BRITAIN,* AND WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO COVERING ACTUAL *COMBAT* HERE WITH THE BRITISH IN *NORTH AFRICA*

BATHTUB BLUES

..HOWEVER, IT SEEMED THAT I WAS SPENDING MOST OF MY TIME SINGING THE ..

YOU HAVE TO *ADMIT,* IT'S REALLY A *MOST* AMUSING STORY. THE BATHTUB WAS ACTUALLY TAKEN FROM *SHIEK ABI BEN NASSER,* WHO HAD IT *IMPORTED* FROM THE U.S.!

SINCE ITS *CAPTURE,* IT HAS BECOME THE *PRIDE* OF THE *REGIMENT!*

REALLY YOU DON'T SAY.

"M.O.W." 4-6 --PAUL.

J-5250

STORY: *GARY BURNETT* ● ARTIST: *JERRY GRANDENETTI* ● LETTERER: *BEN ODA* ● COLORIST *JERRY SERPE* ● EDITOR *PAUL LEVITZ*

YES! AND HERE'S A NICE LITTLE *TID-BIT* FOR YOUR STORY... *HEH!*

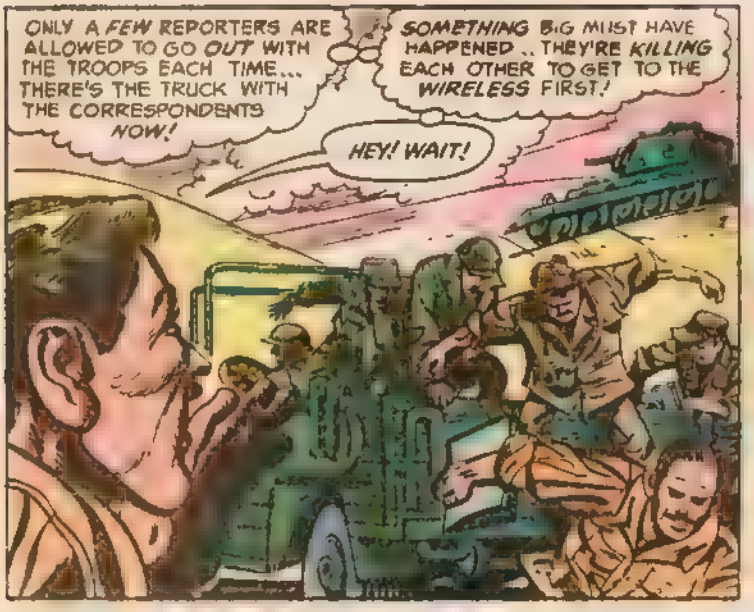
IT IS *RUMORED* THAT THE SHIEK'S *HAREM OF WIVES* USED *THIS* VERY *TUB* FOR THEIR BATHS! *EH?* HEH!

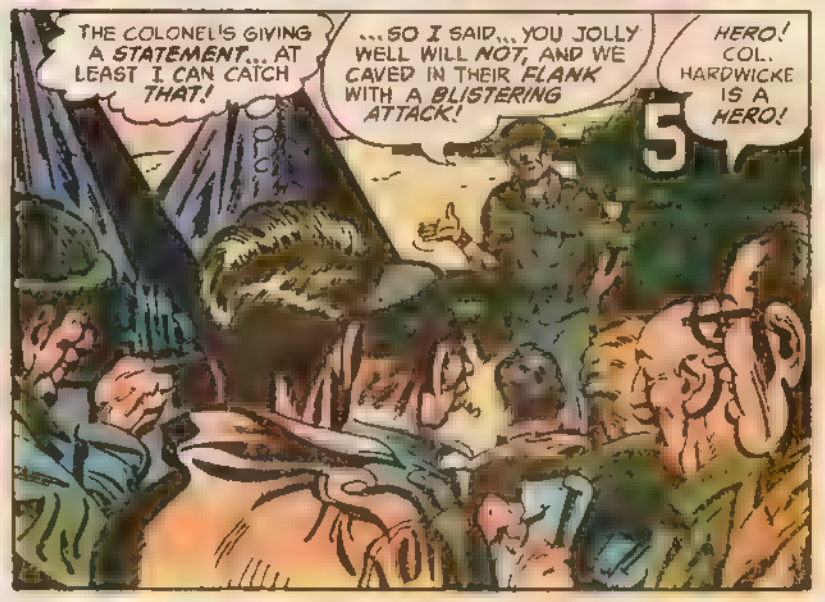
MY, MY I'LL MAKE A NOTE OF THAT.

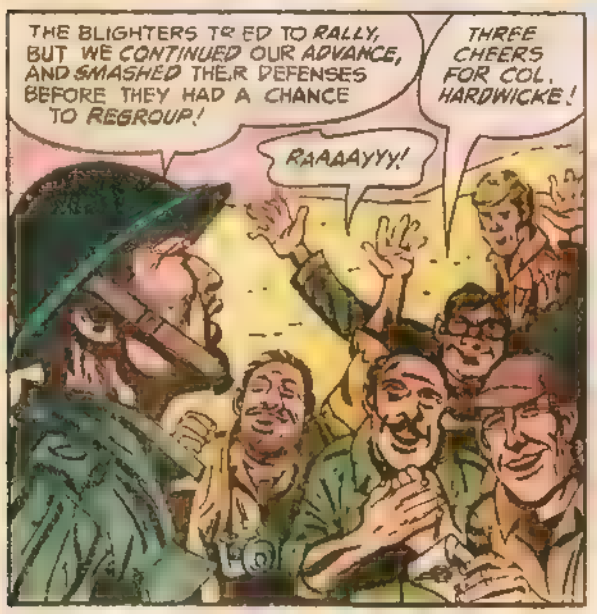
WHO *GIVES* A HANG?

I CAME HERE TO DO SOME *COMBAT-REPORTING*-- NOT TO WRITE A SILLY *ANECDOTE* FOR THE LITTLE OLD LADIES *HOME JOURNAL!*

SO FAR ALL I'VE SEEN IS A LOT OF SAND, AND A CAPTURED BATHTUB... WITH A RATHER UNLIKELY STORY ATTACHED TO IT!
MAYBE MY BUDDY, ED BARNES, WAS RIGHT...!
HE TOLD ME I SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN LONDON WITH HIM...
Y'KNOW, KID... YOU'LL REGRET GETTING YOURSELF ASSIGNED OUT THERE... AIN'T A PUB FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES!
AND YOU STILL GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT REPORTING A WAR!
YOU WON'T TALK ME OUT OF IT, ED! I HEAR THAT CENSORSHIP ISN'T NEARLY AS TIGHT IN THE FIELD!
BESIDES... THAT'S THE KIND OF REPORTING I WANT TO DO! THIS WAR IS THE BIGGEST STORY IN HISTORY... AND I'VE GOT TO BE THERE TO SEE IT!
OK, KID... YOU MAKE YOUR OWN BED...
...ONLY--DON'T DIG YOUR OWN GRAVE, TOO, Y'KNOW?
MY GRAVE... HUH! NO CHANCE OF THAT... HEY! THE TROOPS ARE COMING BACK FROM THE FIELD!
WONDER IF THEY RAN INTO ANY RESISTANCE TODAY? GOTTA FIND OUT!
6
5
2

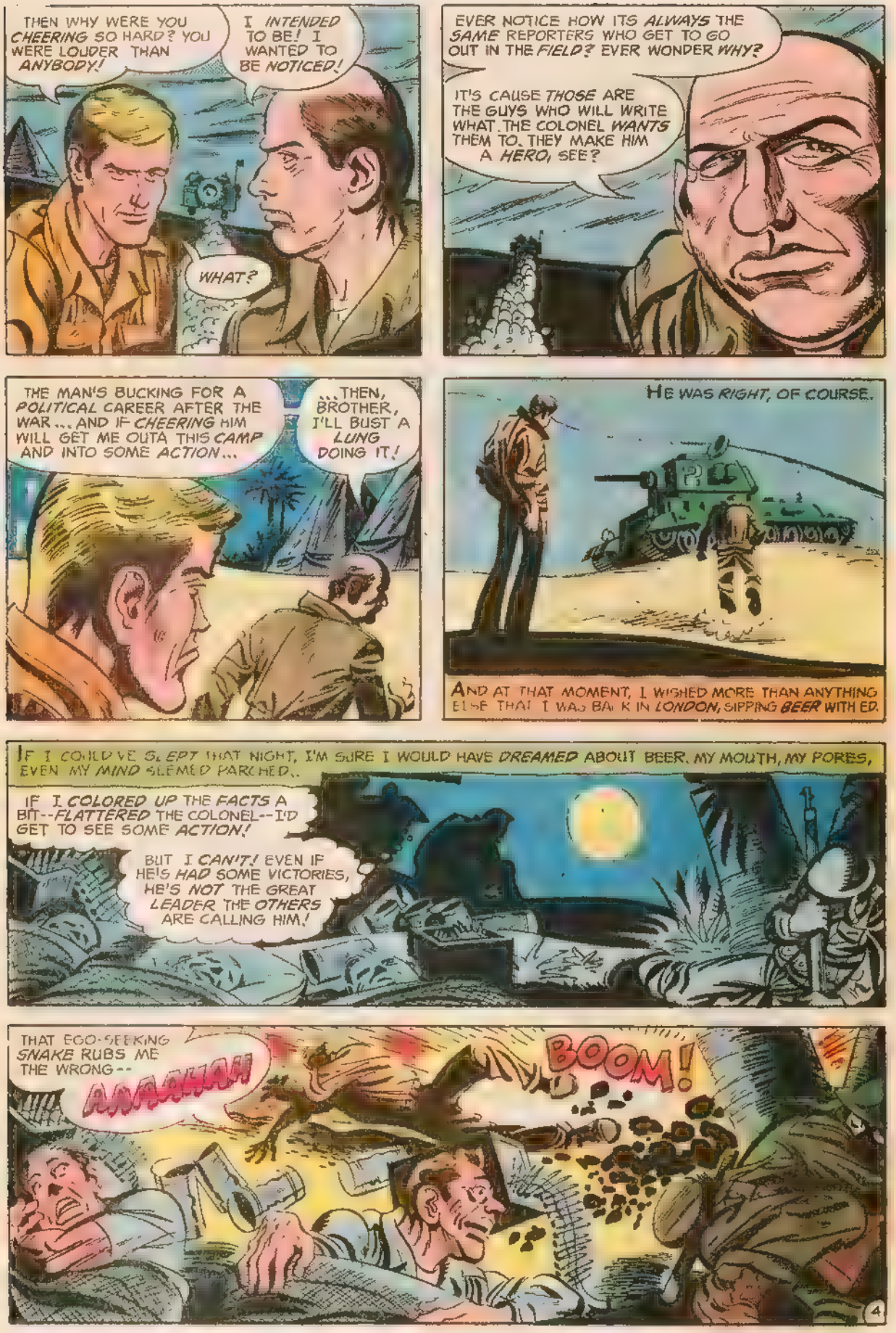

ONLY A FEW REPORTERS ARE ALLOWED TO GO OUT WITH THE TROOPS EACH TIME... THERE'S THE TRUCK WITH THE CORRESPONDENTS NOW!
SOMETHING BIG MUST HAVE HAPPENED .. THEY'RE KILLING EACH OTHER TO GET TO THE WIRELESS FIRST!
HEY! WAIT!


THE COLONEL'S GIVING A STATEMENT... AT LEAST I CAN CATCH THAT!
...SO I SAID... YOU JOLLY WELL WILL NOT, AND WE CAVED IN THEIR FLANK WITH A BLISTERING ATTACK!
HERO! COL. HARDWICKE IS A HERO!

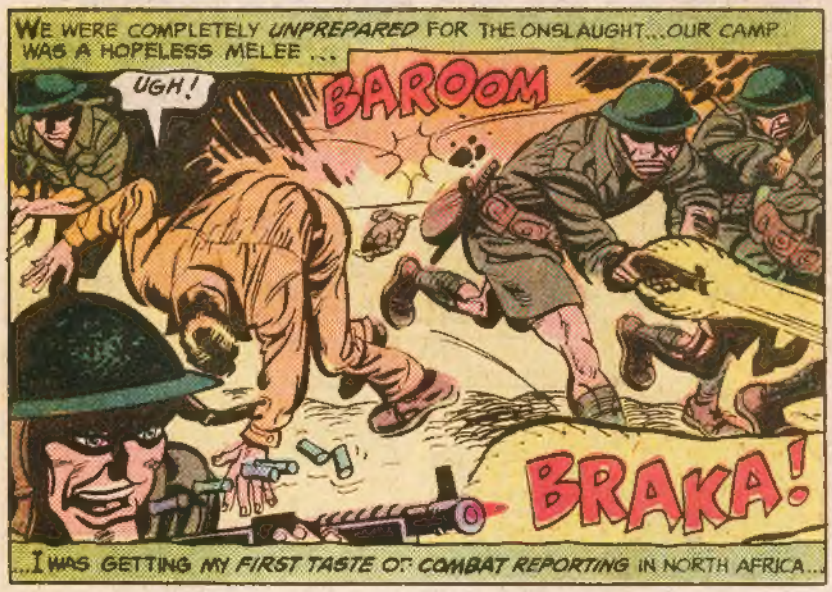

THE BLIGHTERS TRIED TO RALLY, BUT WE CONTINUED OUR ADVANCE, AND SMASHED THEIR DEFENSES BEFORE THEY HAD A CHANCE TO REGROUP!
THREE CHEERS FOR COL. HARDWICKE!
RAAAAYYY!

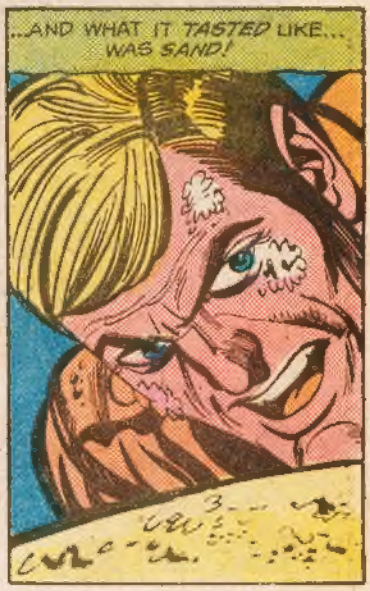
THE COLONEL'S SPEECH CONTAINED MORE PATS-ON-THE-BACK THAN FACTS BUT THE OTHER REPORTERS SEEMED TO GOBBLE IT DOWN ..
HEY! CHARLEY! WAIT A MINUTE!
I KNOW THAT YOU DIDN'T GO OUT WITH THE TROOPS EITHER. YOU BELIEVE EVERYTHING THE COLONEL WAS SAYING?
BETWEEN YOU AND ME? NAH!

CONTINUED ON 2


THEN WHY WERE YOU CHEERING SO HARD? YOU WERE LOUDER THAN ANYBODY!
I INTENDED TO BE! I WANTED TO BE NOTICED!
WHAT?
EVER NOTICE HOW ITS ALWAYS THE SAME REPORTERS WHO GET TO GO OUT IN THE FIELD? EVER WONDER WHY?
IT'S CAUSE THOSE ARE THE GUYS WHO WILL WRITE WHAT THE COLONEL WANTS THEM TO. THEY MAKE HIM A HERO, SEE?
THE MAN'S BUCKING FOR A POLITICAL CAREER AFTER THE WAR... AND IF CHEERING HIM WILL GET ME OUTA THIS CAMP AND INTO SOME ACTION...
...THEN, BROTHER, I'LL BUST A LUNG DOING IT!
HE WAS RIGHT, OF COURSE.
AND AT THAT MOMENT, I WISHED MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE THAT I WAS BACK IN LONDON, SIPPING BEER WITH ED.
IF I COULD'VE SLEPT THAT NIGHT, I'M SURE I WOULD HAVE DREAMED ABOUT BEER. MY MOUTH, MY PORES, EVEN MY MIND SEEMED PARCHED..
IF I COLORED UP THE FACTS A BIT--FLATTERED THE COLONEL--I'D GET TO SEE SOME ACTION!
BUT I CAN'T! EVEN IF HE'S HAD SOME VICTORIES, HE'S NOT THE GREAT LEADER THE OTHERS ARE CALLING HIM!
THAT EGO-SEEKING SNAKE RUBS ME THE WRONG--
AAAAHAH
BOOM!
4

IT WAS AN ATTACK! THE ITALIAN FORCES HAD MOVED UP IN THE DARKNESS, AND THE BLEARY-EYED SENTRIES, CELEBRATING THEIR GREAT VICTORY OF THE DAY, HAD LET THEM RIGHT UP ON US!
WHEEEE
BLAM
BOOM
3


WE WERE COMPLETELY UNPREPARED FOR THE ONSLAUGHT...OUR CAMP WAS A HOPELESS MELEE ...
UGH!
BAROOM
BRAKA!
...I WAS GETTING MY FIRST TASTE OF COMBAT REPORTING IN NORTH AFRICA...



BUT EVEN FROM MY POSITION, I COULD SEE THAT THE BRITISH WERE BEING ROUTED! THE SOLDIERS COULDN'T GET AWAY FAST ENOUGH!
BRAKK
BIIP
VIIP

WHAT THE HECK AM I DOING? I GOTTA FIND SOME COVER!
TOO MUCH FLAK AROUND HERE! THE ITALIANS DON'T KNOW I'M NOT ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S SOLDIERS!
BLAM
BOOM!
5
5

CONTINUED ON 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

I HADN'T HAD TIME TO WONDER WHERE THE OFFICERS WERE -- THEY CERTAINLY WEREN'T GIVING ORDERS -- BUT SUDDENLY...
HOLY..! IT'S THE COLONEL! AND HE LOOKS PARALYZED WITH FRIGHT!
BLAM!
COLONEL! GET DOWN!
BLAM!!
THE TUB PROTECTED US FROM THE WORST! ARE YOU OKAY... UH, SIR?
Y-YES... I-I THINK SO...!
BLAM
I'D RIDICULED THE TUB BEFORE.. BUT AS THE BARRAGE CONTINUED I HUGGED IT LIKE MY DEAREST FRIEND...
...THE FIGHTING DREW AWAY FROM US, AS THE BRITISH ARMY RETREATED..
I THINK WE MADE IT, COLONEL!
NO, WAIT! LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR THAT?
THE ITALIAN RESERVE FORCE IS ADVANCING! THEY'LL PASS RIGHT BY US!
NO CHANCE TO RUN! PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO HIDE ME UNDER THE TUB!
THEY WON'T HARM YOU -- YOU'RE A CORRESPONDENT FROM A NEUTRAL COUNTRY! QUICK! BEFORE THEY GET HERE!
I WANTED TO CHOKE THE SKUNK RIGHT THERE.. BUT HE WAS RIGHT. I HAD THE BEST CHANCE FOR SURVIVAL...
..I'D HEARD THE GRIM STORIES -- TRUE OR NOT -- ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO COMMANDING OFFICERS CAPTURED BY THE ITALIANS...
...SO I HELPED THE MISERABLE COLONEL UNDERNEATH THE TUB ...
...AND I WAITED...
KLANG!
KLANG!
6

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE ITALIANS *THOUGHT* OF ME... BUT IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT I WAS NEITHER *BRITISH* NOR A *SOLDIER*...

...I CAN ONLY GUESS THAT THE RIDICULOUS SCENE TICKLED THEIR *FANCY*, AND IN THE FLUSH OF THEIR *VICTORY*, THEY DECIDED TO PASS ME BY...

...NO THANKS TO THE COURAGEOUS *COLONEL*...

I-I *SAY!* I MUST THANK YOU... *HEH!* A BIT OF STICKY *WICKET*, EH? *HA!*

RATHER *HUMOROUS*, I SUPPOSE ...THOUGH OF COURSE IT WON'T *DO* TO SPREAD IT *ABOUT*, HEH?

...I THOUGHT IT WOULD DO JUST *FINE!*

AND I *WAS* GOING TO *SPREAD* IT... ALL ACROSS *PAGE ONE!* I WAS GOING TO *RELISH* WIPING OUT HIS POLITICAL DREAMS...

YOU-YOU'RE A *DECENT* CHAP! AND-AND I KNOW THERE ARE THINGS I COULD *DO* FOR YOU--!

...I *COULDN'T* COLOR UP THE FACTS TO MAKE HIM A *HERO*-- THAT WAS AGAINST MY *CONSCIENCE!* ...BUT BROTHER, COULD I *SPICE* THEM *UP* TO MAKE HIM OUT A *FOOL!*

PLEASE--? I--

DON'T WORRY, COLONEL...

...IF *YOU* DON'T MENTION THIS... NEITHER WILL I.

SOMETIMES I *HATE* MY CONSCIENCE.

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE DURING THE FIRST WEEK IN AUG.

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L-962

Welcome to the new *MEN OF WAR*, readers. I won't spend too much time explaining what's happened, because that's self-evident—and undoubtedly also explained in Jenette's column. However, I will point out that this change makes *MEN OF WAR* truly fulfill its plural title, and that present plans call for *Code Name: Gravedigger* to appear in every issue, *Enemy Ace* to appear in most, and *Dateline: Frontline* to alternate with other new war series.

Stick with us—this is the beginning of the best war mag you've ever read.

—Paul Levitz, Editor

Dear Paul,

MEN OF WAR #5 was excellent. Joe Kubert's cover, as always, was superb, and I hope he'll do some interior artwork soon.

In "Valley Of The Shadow" Roger McKenzie managed to show the horror of war in a quiet way. Hazard, in his own way, shows that the inside of a person relly counts. The German troops were really rotten in this issue; how about some German soldiers who only fight our hero because of their loyalty to their country? The art team of Dick Ayers and Romeo Tanghal was terrific.

Carry Burkett and Jerry Grandinetti made **Dateline: Frontline** look great. The "Human Interest Story" shows that there's a lot behind the headlines of the forties. Wayne seemed to be shocked that the people in the bomb shelter refused to leave their sanctuary behind, but who can blame them. After all, war had destroyed their whole lifestyle.

Enemy Ace deserves his own book where Bob Kanigher can fully develop him. Ed Davis or Larry Hama would be perfect as the artist.

Finally, I must disagree with Mark Schmieder about war comics. What does it matter if the writer or the editor has war experience, if they can't get their thoughts across to the reader? Today DC produces more realistic war books than ever.

Charles David Haskell
15 W. 159 St.
NY, NY 10037

***Enemy Ace* has his own feature back, Charles, and we'd gladly restore him to his own magazine (fans with long memories remember when he was the star of *STAR SPANGLED WAR STORIES* in the sixties) if there was enough reader response. Unfortunately, the *DC SPECIAL* we devoted to Von Hammer about a year and a half ago didn't take off.**

As for some more varied Nazi motivations, they'll be coming up in future issues . . . and Joe Kubert artwork is unlikely to be accompanying them. Between Joe's duties as a schoolmaster (of his own school for cartoonists), editor/publisher (of SOJURN), and DC editor (of *SGT. ROCK*, of course), we count ourselves lucky that he can turn out the half-dozen or so covers a month he does.

Re: l'affaire Schmeider, we'll let your eloquent defense hold for us, since we believe that communication is our only goal. But our next correspondant brings up an interesting related issue.—PL.

* * * * *

Dear Paul,

Like Bruce Scott and Dave Blanchard, I'm not one who buys, reads or enjoys war comics. I bought **OUR FIGHTING FORCES** when Kirby did it, and of course there was Michelinie's stint on **Unknown Soldier**, but these were rare exceptions.

My enthusiasm for **MEN OF WAR**, such as it is, was due to Michelinie, and frankly he disappointed me on **Gravedigger.** I only bought #5 to have an extra comic to read and I can not judge much of what is planned for Ulysses Hazard from it.

The main reason I'm writing is that I found Mark Schmieder's statement "there's no excuse for a war-comic that is edited, written and drawn by people who've ever been in a war" (are we to suppose that he has?), well, silly.

Here's an alternate topic for letter column debate: Do many of those who claim not to read, buy or enjoy war comics do so because at some time in the past the editors, writers and artists went a little overboard in going on about their ranks, branches and experiences?

Please understand that I do not mean to make any judgement about anyone connected with the genre. Certain editors have been asking for debate in the letter columns, so I thought I should do my part.

Gary Norman
P.O. Box 954
Prentiss, MS 39474

How about it, readers? Any reaction to Gary's question? We'll run the most interesting comments in this column, of course, hopefully along with your comments on this issue, all of which will be avidly read by yours truly—Paul Levitz, Editor.